Thou maist deserue, or they purpose this vsage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stewd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, panting forth
From *Generill* his Mistris, salutations,
Deliuered letters spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents
They summond vp their men, straight tooke horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leisure
Of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poisoned mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries,
Your sonne and daughter found this trespasse worth
This shame which here it suffers.

Lear. O how this mother swels vp toward my heart,
Hysterica passio downe thou climing sorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle sir within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay there.

Knight. Made you no more offence then what you speake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with so small a traine?

Foole. If thou hadst beene set in the stockes for that question, thou hadst well deserued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a nose among a hundred, but can smell him that's stincking; let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hil, let him draw thee

thee after, when a wise man giues thee better counsell, giue mee mine againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a foole giues it.

That Sir that serues for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the storme.
But I will tarry, the foole will stay,
And let the wise man flie:
The knaue turnes foole that runnes away,
The foole no knaue perdy.

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?

Foole. Not in the stockes.

Enter Lear and Gloucester.

Lear. Deny to speake with me? th'are sicke, th'are weary,
They trauelled hard to night, meare Iustice,
I the images of reuolt and flying off,
Fetch me a better answer.

Glost. My deare Lord, you know the fiery quality of the Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, death, plague, confusion, what fiery quality; why *Gloucester*, *Gloucester*, ide speake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Glost. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with *Cornwall*, the deare father
Would with his daughter speake, commands her seruice,
Fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*,
No but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office, where to our health
Is bound, we are not our selues, when nature being oppresst,
Commands the minde to suffer with the body; ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit; for the sound man,
Death on my state, wherefore should he sit here?
This acte perswades me, that this remotion of the Duke & her

 Is